This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces [illegible]:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Iul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
Iul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.
Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurse hastely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.
She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cosens death:
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.
Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?
Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,